

The Tragedy of Hamlet

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooues my daughter and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth.

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle,
Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,
Doe you belieue his tenders, as you call them?

Ophe. I doe not know my Lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie,
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling: tender your selfe more dearly
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phraze)
Wrong it thus, youle tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fashien.

Pol. I, fashien you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cocks, I doe know
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not tak't for fire: from this time
Be some-thing scanter of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for Lord Hamlet,
Belieue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger teder may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inuestments show
But meere implorators of vnholly suites,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not in plaine termes from this time forth

Prince of

Haue you so slaunder any more
As to giue words or talke with
Looke too't I charge you, com

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord

Enter Hamlet, H

Ham. The ayre bites shrou

Hora. It is nipping, and an

Ham. What hour now?

Hora. I thinke it lacks of

Mar. No, it is strooke

Hora. Indeece; I heard it not
Wherein the spirit held his wor
What does this meane my Lor

Ham. The King doth walke
Keepes wallsell and the swagger
And as he diaines his drafts of
The kettle drumme and trumpe
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist,
But to my mind, though I am
And to the manner borne, it is
More honourd in the breach, th
This heauy-headed reuelle Eas
Makes vs tradu'cd and taxed of
They clip vs drunkards and wi
Soyle our addition, and indee
From our atchieuements, thou
The pith and marow of our attr
So oft it chanches in particular
That for some vicious mole of
As in their birth wherein they
(Sinc nature cannot choose his
By their ore-grow'th of some c
Oft breaking downe the Pales
Or by some habite that too mu
The forme of plausue manners
Carrying I say the stamp of one

Ham